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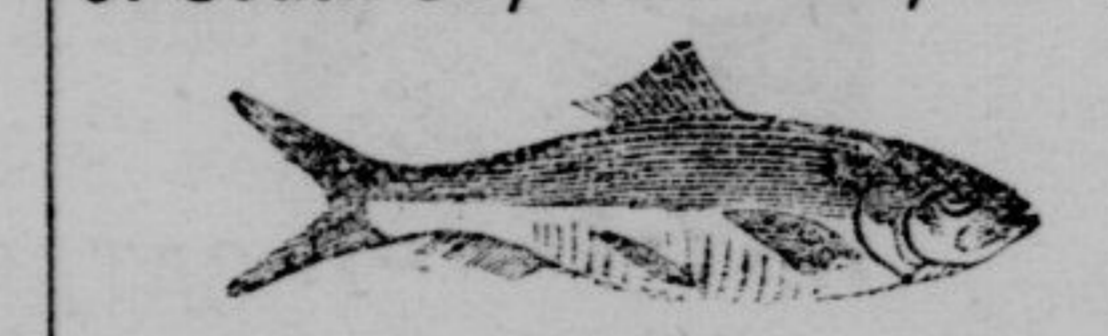
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Stolen Kisses. In silence and hush of a dream, With never a sound to be heard, But a touch of lips in the gleam Of the fire, and never a word.

When hearts and lips have grown cold, And love lives but for an hour; When life's romance has been told, And kisses have lost their power.

Geoffrey Weston had eloped with a millionaire's daughter one fine morning, and the father of the girl had disinherited her and cast her off forever.

"Never," he declared, "while I have ten fingers and all my senses and can work, beg, steal or murder to get it."

"Oh, hush," cried the little wife, with both hands over his mouth, "don't say wicked things."

"The young man was deep in his employer's confidence. He handled quantities of money every day, and had keys to the great safe and control of the account books; but Geoffrey had only a good salary, and no right to furnish his little home as luxuriously as he did.

When in the course of the year her father—a widower—married a school-maester of her own, and she began to meet his girl occasionally, she also began to vie with her in costume, and bills came in to Geoffrey from milliner and jeweller, as well as from butcher and grocer. He could not pay them all. He did what he could, giving a little here and a little there; staving off this one, satisfying that.

"It's from Madame Plouquette," she said. "I wanted her to make me a new costume for Mrs. Ashford's lawn party, and she's written me the most impertinent answer. The mean thing! I'll just go to somebody else. I want a very pretty dress. My step-mother will be there, and she says such horrid things; and father warns me that I'd be in rags if I married you; and you said you'd never let me need anything. Now is the time to prove you meant it all."

"I did mean it," said Geoffrey. "You shall have the money, Rosa." He left the room, went out into the hall and paced slowly up and down.

"Come to supper, Geoffrey," called his wife.

But he answered: "I'll be back in a moment." And she heard him shut the door behind him.

As he did so, the safe key fell from the pocket of the coat he carried on his arm to the marble floor of the vestibule. He stooped and picked it up; but Rosa had heard the sound and knew it. Her husband had a bad habit of dropping that key.

She ran to the window, and saw him take a car that passed the corner in the direction of his place of business. His movements were more rapid and nervous than usual.

A cold chill ran through her frame, dread of she knew not what.

"What a child I am," she thought. Then the words that he had uttered on their wedding-day came back to her:

"I will work, beg, steal or murder to get you all you want."

How sad and true that word was! Still not believing that he would do anything wrong; but now—what had she done?

Suddenly her own folly arose before her, plainly defined to sight. She knew how much money her husband made, how much they had spent. He must be in debt. He must be unable to meet his expenses.

Her poor Geoffrey! How could she have been so blind? And now, under the pressure of her foolish fretting for a new dress, he had gone, as he said, "to get the money."

How? Where? She remembered the fate of a clerk of her father's, and remembered that it was said "he stole for the sake of an extravagant wife." And her heart smote her.

Was it an angel that whispered in her ear, "Follow him?"

Afterwards she thought so. She caught up a hat and sash and ran out, putting on her gloves as she went.

She took a car and went straight to her husband's place of business. The street was dark and lonely; no one was astir; but through a crack of the close shutter she saw a light shine. She tried the door. It opened under her touch and she entered.

Some one had lit the gas in the inner room. It threw a shadow high upon the wall. Now the shadow vanished. Trembling with excitement she crept on up to the very door, and saw her husband bending over the great safe.

He turned fiercely with his hand at a pocket in which she knew he carried a pistol.

"Who is there?" he asked, in a furious whisper.

"Only Rosa."

And he sank down beside a desk and looked at her strangely.

"You here!" he said. "Why did you follow me?"

The Bride of a Day. A peculiar case has just come to light in Vincennes, Indiana, of a bride of but a day, wherein two lovers courted, wooed, wed and separated, all in twenty-four hours.

It is indeed a strange love affair, which eclipses fiction in the line of romance. On Saturday a well-dressed and rather handsome stranger arrived in Vincennes and immediately set himself to work.

He turned fiercely with his hand at a pocket in which she knew he carried a pistol.

"Who is there?" he asked, in a furious whisper.

"Only Rosa."

And he sank down beside a desk and looked at her strangely.

"You here!" he said. "Why did you follow me?"

"So was I," said he. "I remembered to have left the safe unlocked, but it's all right now."

"No, Geoffrey," answered Rosa; "it is all wrong. I am no longer a foolish baby. I seem to have come back to myself. Put that money back. If this is the first time I have driven you to such a thing, I will thank God for it. You have kept your vow; even to steal for me. Have mercy on me and break it. Put the money back."

Geoffrey looked at her in amazement.

"Tell me all, darling."

And in that lonely old place the two young people talked for hours.

"We will sell the piano and my jewelry and all we need," said the girl at last, and I will keep house for you as a poor man's wife should, and we will be just as happy as we have been together. Why should we not?

At least we will be honest—and safe. Honest people always are. Oh, Geoffrey! think to what I might have driven you!"

They walked home together, arm in arm, and the next day set to work to struggle out of the load of debt upon their shoulders. It was a hard task, but they succeeded at last, and to-day are happy and prosperous, and on the road to fortune.

Yet I think that Rosa, when she kneels to pray at night, never forgets what might have been; and in her husband's heart is always a certain thankfulness for his escape from the edge of the black precipice over which so many erring ones have fallen.

A Startling "Discovery." A Chicago morning paper publishes the following special dispatch from Lincoln, Neb.: "A most remarkable discovery has recently been made in this city. It is of such an astounding nature that the correspondent hesitates to give the circumstances to the public on account of being tarred at present from giving names, although this is no good reason why it should not be done. This disclosure consists in proving beyond the possibility of a doubt by scientific means the existence of the human soul, laying bare the greatest secret of nature and proving the doctrine of eternal life, 'that the soul of man doth live,' the disclosures and proofs of which will shortly startle and astonish the entire world."

"For the sake of convenience the gentleman alluded to will be called Mr. Holland, a man of small stature, a mild eye and thoughtful countenance; a devout Christian, possessing the peculiar belief that the soul of a man is a counterpart of the body itself, and in this theory of the dual man he sought the key of life and death. He reasoned that within this body of bone and sinew was yet another body, existing in vapory form, which death alone should free, and that by a simple microscopic device the dull sight of human eyes might penetrate the minutest particles of the air we breathe and see the soul take form and flight to the boundaries of another world. His attention was first attracted to this, he says, by a man lying on a sofa suffering with a pain in his foot, and yet there was no foot there to suffer, the leg having been amputated nearly to the hip. 'For years,' says Mr. Holland, 'this incident ran through my mind, until at last I resolved upon an experiment. I procured the most powerful lenses I could find and completed an invention of my own, and when I had my light arranged perfectly, so I could examine the microbes of the air, I called upon a friend who had lost his arm, and explained that I wanted him to put his imaginary hand where I directed. He laughingly accompanied me to my rooms and did as I desired. The moment I adjusted the glass a world of revelation broke upon me. The dual hand lay beneath my glass. I asked him to make letters with his imaginary finger. He did so, and to his wonder and astonishment I spelled out the sentences he wrote. This was conclusive evidence to me,' continued Mr. Holland, 'and you know the rest.'"

Gray Hair. Many persons begin to show gray hair while they are yet in their twenties, and some while they are yet in their teens. This does not by any means argue a premature decay of the constitution. It is a purely local phenomenon, and may co-exist with unusual bodily vigor. The celebrated author and traveler, George Borrow, turned quite gray before he was thirty, but was an extraordinary swimmer and athlete at sixty-five. Many feeble persons, and others who have suffered extremely both mentally and physically, do not bleach a hair until past middle life; while others without assignable cause lose their capillary coloring matter rapidly when about forty years of age.

Race has a marked influence. The traveler, Dr. Orbiguy, says that in the many years he spent in South America he never saw a bald Indian and scarcely a gray-haired one. The negro turns more slowly than the white. Yet we know a negress of pure blood, about thirty-five years old, who is quite gray. In this country, sex appear to make little difference. Men and women grow gray about the same period of life. In men the hair and beard rarely change equally. The one is usually darker than the other for several years but there seems to be no general rule which whitens first. The spot where grayness begins differs with the individual. The philosopher Schopenhauer began to turn gray on the temples, and complementarily framed a theory that this is an indication of vigorous mental activity.

The correlation of gray hair, as well as its causes, deserve more attention and study than they have received. Such a change is undoubtedly indicative of deep seated physiological process, but what this is we can only ascertain by a much wider series of observations than have yet been submitted to scientific analysis.

Those who have scorned the world must have been scorned.

Way-side Thoughts. Our thoughts of to-day are our actions of to-morrow.

He that pumps longest gets the most water.

A stupid son often makes a wise father.

Those who have practiced vices can best condemn them.

Two Miles a Minute. "I've held my watch on about every kind of wild duck there is," said an old-time wild-fowl hunter, "and I can tell just about to the 63d part of a dot how much space any one of 'em can get over in an hour. There's no railroad train on the continent that can hold a candle to one style of the slowest duck that flies."

"The canvasback can distance the whole duck family, if it lays itself out to do it. When the canvasback is out taking things easy, enjoying a little run around the block, as it were, it jogs through the air at the rate of 80 miles an hour. If it has business somewhere and has to get there, it puts two miles behind it every minute it keeps its wings flapping, and does it just as easy as you or I would stop into Fritz's and call for beer. If you don't believe it, just fire square at the leader in a string of canvasbacks that are out on a business cruise some time when you get the chance. Duck shot travels pretty quick, but if your charge brings down any one of these ducks at all I'll lay you a pair of the best there is in the market, with trimmings and all, that it is the fifth or sixth one back from the leader that drops. If you have the faintest idea that you will bring the leader down you must aim at space not less than 10 feet ahead of him. Then he'll run plump against your shot. When he drops you will find him a quarter of a mile or so on."

"The mallard is a slow chug. It's all he wants to do to go a mile a minute, but he can do it when it's necessary. His ordinary every-day style of getting along over the country gets him from place to place at about a 45-mile-an-hour rate. The black duck is about an even match for the mallard, and the pintail, wild-geon and wood duck can't do much better. The redhead can sail along with ease and cover his 90 miles an hour so long as he feels inclined to. The blue-winged teal and its handsome cousin, the green-winged teal, could fly side by side for a hundred miles and make the distance neck and neck, for one can fly just as fast as the other, and to go 100 miles an hour is no hard task for either of them. The gadwall—you don't know what a gadwall is, I'll bet! I thought not. Well, it is a duck that doesn't get East very often, but is well known in the West. It is something like a mallard, only harder to shoot, because it is not so unsuspecting as the mallard. The gadwall is something of a daisy on the fly, too, and it will win money for you every time if you bet it can make its 90 miles an hour."

"Maybe you wouldn't think that a goose could almost double discount the fastest fast express train that runs on our railroads, but it can every time. I mean a wild goose. It has a big, heavy body to carry, but it manages to glide from one feeding ground to another with a swiftness that is a caution to wing shots. To see a flock of honkers moving along, so high up that they seem to be scraping their backs against the sky, you'd never believe they were traveling between 80 and 100 miles an hour, but they are. The wild goose never has any time to fool away, and his gait is always a business one."

"The broadbill duck is the only wild fowl that can push the canvasback on the wing. Let a broadbill and a canvasback each do his best for an hour, and the broadbill would only come out about 10 miles behind. 110 miles an hour can be done by the broadbill, and he, consequently, makes a mark for a shotgun that a greenhorn wouldn't hit once in 27 years."—Baltimore Morning Herald.

Here and There a Gem. Presumption is our natural and original disease.—Montaigne.

Believers only can decipher the shorthand of God's providence.

The innocence of the intention abates nothing of the mischief of the example.—Robert Hall.

The sinner is the devil's mill, always grinding; and Satan is careful ever to keep the hopper full.

The universe is full of indices; every spot lifts a finger-post pointing to an origin.—J. C. Campbell.

Off in stilliest shade reclining, In desolation unrepining, Meek souls there are who little dream Their daily strife's an angel's theme. Ah! but the rod they take so calm Shall prove to them an angel's palm.

Usually the eyes of the Christian should be directed forward; it is foolish to try to live on past experience; it is a very dangerous, if not a fatal habit, to judge ourselves to be safe because of something that we felt or did twenty years ago.—Spurgeon.

Oh, Heaven without my Savior Would be no heaven to me; Dim were the walls of Jasper, Rayless the crystal sea. He glids earth's darkest valleys With light and joy and peace; What then must be the radiance When night and death shall cease?—Helen L. Parmelee.

Our vital union with Christ is a very old truth, yet it is one that is ever new—a surprise to the believer as he goes on and tries it. To many of us, doubtless, it has been a new discovery long after other truths were grasped. First, let us understand that it is a fact. I find more and more that the right order in which to regard the life of the soul is this: First, fact; then faith; then, as a result, feeling.—Rev. H. G. C. Moule.

Cleveland's Readiness. An earnest Republican, who since campaign times has learned to respect the intelligence as well as the integrity of President Cleveland, tells a good story that comes direct from Secretary Lamar. It relates to the first business meeting of the Cleveland Cabinet and shows how the President, in a quiet, unostentatious way, opened the eyes of the Mississippi statesman. Excepting Manning, there wasn't a member of the Cabinet who did not manifest some curiosity as to the way in which the President would conduct his executive household. They found him neither officious nor talkative, and though he produced upon every one of them a most favorable impression, when the meeting broke up they did not know him much better than they did before the meeting began. The Oklahoma boomers were cutting a wide swath in the country just then and the Oklahoma boomer was very generously discussed at that Cabinet meeting, it being resolved that the Secretaries of the Interior and War should draw up a proclamation in accordance with certain views upon which the President with the Cabinet had agreed. Secretary Endicott quietly suggested that Secretary Lamar should put the proclamation in shape and then they would go over it and elaborate it together. "It is a pretty stiff task, but I'll try it," said Mr. Lamar, with a smile that was not hilarious. Somewhere about 11 or 12 o'clock, Mr. Endicott's dreams at the Arlington were disturbed by a knocking which threatened wholly to tear down his bedroom door. In strolled the tall Secretary of the Interior. He had brought over a draft of that proclamation. Mr. Endicott was pleased, and he said so. It was very good, very good indeed, he said. It couldn't be improved upon. Mr. Lamar had struck just the right key. Mr. Endicott had not a single suggestion to offer. He felt pretty sure, he said, that it would meet the President's approval just as it stood. "Yes, I guess you're right; I guess it will meet the President's approval just as it stands," said Mr. Lamar. "Let me tell you a thing or two. I worked over this thing for hours. I hunted up President Arthur's proclamation against the boomers and tried to build up one of my own with it for a model, but I did not make much headway. Then I started out on my own account and struggled over a lot of blank paper. It was not a very satisfactory showing, that's a fact, but I strayed over to the White House and had a talk with the President, read him the document and asked if he had any suggestions to make. I said to him frankly: 'Mr. President, it doesn't suit me.' He looked over my draft and then he said to me in a quiet way: 'Suppose you let me try my hand at it. Mr. Secretary?' He took up his pen and he wrote. He didn't stop, he didn't hesitate; ideas seemed crowding one right on top of another. When he was done he read it to me. There it is—what you've read and approved. Let me tell you, Mr. Secretary, President Cleveland is a business man; he knows what he means and he means what he says."

Lying in Bed with the High Head. It is often a question among persons who are unacquainted with the anatomy and physiology of man, whether lying with the head exalted or even with the body is the most wholesome. Most consulting their own case on this point, argue in favor of that which they prefer. Now although many delight bolstering up their heads at night, and sleep sound without injury, yet we declare it to be a dangerous habit. The vessels through which the blood passes from the head to the heart are always loosened in their cavities when the head is raised in bed higher than the body.

Consider the uncertainty, mutability and inconstancy of all things under the sun. All temporals are as transitory as a hasty torrent, a shadow, a bird or an arrow in flight, as a post that passeth by; "the fashion of this world passeth away." Riches were never true to any one that trusted in them; they have deceived men as Job's brook did the poor traveller in the summer season, VI. 15—"As the stream of brooks they pass away." As a bird hopped from tree to tree, so do the honors and riches of this world pass from man to man.—Thos. Brooks.

You might as well undertake to vanquish a rainbow or try to stampede a lion with a dime with a hole in it, as expect to prevail on a man to own up to his wife that he has been in the wrong.

A sleeping car porter is reported to have shot a man on a Western railway train. There is nothing extraordinary about this. Some men have to be killed before they will submit to be robbed.

When a woman is giving her husband a bit of her mind, he should try and imagine what it will be like if he was a Morozon and was having seventeen cents bis served up to him.

A boy, presented with a pie to share with his sister, was told that in cutting it he must give her the large end part. Reflecting a moment, he passed the pie to his sister with the remark, "You cut it!"

Sam Ward said that any green thing could be made into a salad. Hence we suppose the dude must be considered a salad when he is fully cut up, you know.